PRECEPTS

OF

CONJUGAL HAPPINESS.

[Price One Shilling.]

PRECEPTS

OF

CONJUGAL HAPPINESS.

PRECEPTS

ADDRESSED TO

A LADY on her MARRIAGE.

CONJUGAL HAPPINESS.

By JOHN LANGHORNE, D.D.

THE SECOND EDITION.

11630. d. 11
8

PRECEPTS

OF

CONJUGAL HAPPINESS.

ADDRESSED TO

A LADY on her MARRIAGE.

By JOHN LANGHORNE, D. D.

k

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON,
Printed for T. BECKET and P. A. DE HONDT in the Strand.
MDCCLXIX.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PRECEPTS

OF

CONJUGAL HAPPINESS.

FRIEND, Sister, Partner of that gentle Heart
Where my Soul lives, and holds her dearest Part;
While Love's soft Raptures these gay Hours employ,
And Time puts on the yellow Robe of Joy;
Will you, MARIA, mark with patient Ear
The moral Muse, nor deem her Song severe?

Through the long Courſe of Life's unclouded Day,
Where ſweet Contentment ſmiles on Virtue's Way;
Where Fancy opes her ever-varying Views,
And Hope ſtrews Flowers, and leads you as ſhe ſtrews;
May each fair Pleaſure court thy favoured Breaſt,
By Truth protected, and by Love careſſed!

So Friendſhip vows, nor ſhall her Vows be vain;
For every Pleaſure comes in Virtue's Train;
Each Charm that tender Sympathies impart,
The Glow of Soul, the Tranſports of the Heart,
Sweet Meanings, that in ſilent Truth convey
Mind into Mind, and ſteal the Soul away,
Theſe Gifts, O Virtue, theſe are all thy own;
Loſt to the Vicious, to the Vain unknown!

Yet bleſt with theſe, and happier Charms than theſe,
By Nature formed, by Genius taught to pleaſe,
Even you, to prove that mortal Gifts are vain,
Muſt yield your human Sacrifice to Pain;
The Wizard Care ſhall dim thoſe brilliant Eyes,
Smite the fair Urns, and bid the Waters riſe.

With Mind unbroke that darker Hour to bear,
Nor, once his Captive, drag the Chains of Care,
Hope's radiant Sunſhine o'er the Scene to pour,
Nor future Joys in preſent Ills devour,
Theſe Arts your philoſophic Friend may ſhew,
Too well experienced in the School of Woe.

In ſome ſad Hour, by tranſient Grief oppreſt,
Ah! let not vain Reflection wound your Breaſt!
For Memory, then, to happier Objects blind,
Though once the Friend, the Traitor of the Mind,
Life's varied Sorrows ſtudious to explore,
Turns the ſad Volume of its Sufferings o'er.

Still to the diſtant Proſpect ſtretch your Eye,
Paſs the dim Cloud, and view the brightening Sky;
On Hope's kind Wing more genial Climes ſurvey,
Let Fancy join, but Reaſon guide your Way,
For Fancy, ſtill to tender Woes inclined,
May ſoothe the Heart, but miſdirects the Mind.

The Source of half our Anguiſh, half our Tears,
Is the wrong Conduct of our Hopes and Fears;
Like ill-trained Children, ſtill their Treatment ſuch,
Reſtrained too raſhly, or indulged too much.
Hence Hope, projecting more than Life can give,
Would live with Angels, or refuſe to live;
Hence ſpleen-eyed Fear, o'er-acting Caution's Part,
Betrays thoſe Succours Reaſon lends the Heart.

Yet theſe, ſubmitted to fair Truth's Controul,
Theſe Tyrants are the Servants of the Soul;
Through Vales of Peace the Dove-like Hope ſhall ſtray,
And bear at Eve her Olive Branch away,
In every Scene ſome diſtant Charm deſcry,
And hold it forward to the brightening Eye;

While watchful Fear, if Fortitude maintain
Her trembling Steps, ſhall ward the diſtant Pain.

Should erring Nature caſual Faults diſcloſe,
Wound not the Breaſt that harbours your Repoſe:
For every Grief that Breaſt from you ſhall prove,
Is one Link broken in the Chain of Love.
Soon, with their Objects, other Woes are paſt,
But Pains from thoſe we love are Pains that laſt.
Though Faults or Follies from Reproach may fly,
Yet in its Shade the tender Paſſions die.

Love, like the Flower that courts the Sun's kind Ray,
Will flouriſh only in the Smiles of Day;

Diſtruſt's

Diſtruſt's cold Air the generous Plant annoys,
And one chill Blight of dire Contempt deſtroys.
O ſhun, my Friend, avoid that dangerous Coaſt,
Where Peace expires, and fair Affection's loſt;
By Wit, by Grief, by Anger urged, forbear
The Speech contemptuous, and the ſcornful Air.

If Heart-felt Quiet, Thoughts unmixt with Pain,
While Peace weaves Flowers o'er *Hymen*'s golden Chain,
If tranquil Days, if Hours of ſmiling Eaſe,
The Senſe of Pleaſure, and the Power to pleaſe,
If Charms like theſe deſerve your ſerious Care,
Of one dark Foe, one dangerous Foe beware!
Like *Hecla*'s Mountain, while his Heart's in Flame,
His Aſpect's cold, and Jealouſy's his Name.

His hideous Birth his wild Diſorders prove,
Begot by Hatred on deſpairing Love!
Her Throes in Rage the frantic Mother bore,
And the fell Sire with angry Curſes tore
His ſable Hair --- Diſtruſt beholding ſmiled,
And lov'd her Image in her future Child.
With cruel Care, induſtrious to impart
Each painful Senſe, each Soul-tormenting Art,
To Doubt's dim Shrine her hapleſs Charge ſhe led,
Where never Sleep relieved the burning Head,
Where never grateful Fancy ſoothed Suſpenſe,
Or the ſweet Charm of eaſy Confidence.
Hence Fears eternal, ever-reſtleſs Care,
And all the dire Aſſociates of Deſpair.

Hence all the Woes he found that Peace deſtroy,
And daſh with Pain the ſparkling Stream of Joy.

When Love's warm Breaſt, from Rapture's trem-
[bling Height,
Falls to the temperate Meaſures of Delight;
When calm Delight to eaſy Friendſhip turns,
Grieve not that *Hymen*'s Torch more gently burns.
Unerring Nature, in each Purpoſe kind,
Forbids long Tranſports to uſurp the Mind;
For, oft diſſolved in Joy's oppreſſive Ray,
Soon would the finer Faculties decay.

True tender Love one even Tenor keeps;
Tis Reaſon's Flame, and burns when Paſſion ſleeps.

The Charm connubial, like a Stream that glides
Through Life's fair Vale, with no unequal Tides,
With many a Plant along it's genial Side,
With many a Flower that blows in beauteous Pride,
With many a Shade, where Peace in rapturous Reſt
Holds ſweet Affiance to her fearleſs Breaſt,
Pure in its Source, and temperate in its Way,
Still flows the ſame, nor finds it's Urn decay.

O Bliſs beyond what lonely Life can know,
The Soul-felt Sympathy of Joy and Woe!
That magic Charm which makes e'en Sorrow dear,
And turns to Pleaſure the partaken Tear!

Long

Long, beauteous Friend, to you may Heaven impart
The ſoft Endearments of the ſocial Heart!
Long to your Lot may every Bleſſing flow,
That Senſe, or Taſte, or Virtue can beſtow!
And Oh, forgive the Zeal your Peace inſpires,
To teach that Prudence which itſelf admires.

THE END.

BOOKS

Written by the AUTHOR of this POEM.

1. SERMONS preached before the Honourable Society of Lincoln's-Inn. 2 vol. ſecond Edition.
2. Letters between Theodoſius and Conſtantia. 2 vol. fourth Edition.
3. Effuſions of Friendſhip and Fancy. 2 vols. ſecond Edition.
4. Solyman and Almena. Second Edition.
5. Letters on Religious Retirement, Melancholy, and Enthuſiaſm.
6. Letters on the Eloquence of the Pulpit.
7. Poems. 2 vols.
8. Frederic and Pharamond.
9. Poetical Works of Mr. William Collins, with Memoirs of the Author, and Obſervations on his Genius and Writings.
10. Verſes in Memory of a Lady.